Paris ſhould nere retract, what he hath done,
Nor faint in the purſuite,
Pria. Paris you ſpeake
Like one be-ſotted on your ſweet delights,
You haue the hony ſtill, but theſe the gall,
So to be valiant, is no praiſe at all.
Par. Sir, I propoſe not meerly to my ſelfe,
The pleaſures ſuch a beautie brings with it,
But I would haue the ſoile of her faire rape,
Wip't of in honorable keeping her,
What treaſon were it to the ranſackt queene,
Diſgrace to your great worths, and ſhame to me,
Now to deliuer her poſſeſſion vp
On tearmes of baſe compulſion? can it be,
That ſo degenerate a ſtraine as this,
Should once ſet footing in your generous boſomes?
There's not the meaneſt ſpirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or ſword to drawe,
When *Helen* is defended: nor none ſo noble,
Whoſe life were ill beſtowd, or death vnfam'd,
Where *Helen* is the ſubiect. Then I ſay,
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
The worlds large ſpaces cannot paralell.
Helt. Paris and *Troylus*, you haue both ſaid well,
And on the cauſe and queſtion now in hand,
Haue glozd, but ſuperficially, not much
Vnlike young men, whom *Ariſtotle* thought
Vnfit to heere *Morrall Philoſophie*;
The reaſons you alleadge, do more conduce
To the hot paſſion of diſtempred blood,
Then to make vp a free determination
Twixt right and wrong: for pleaſure and reuenge,
Haue eares more deafe then Adders to the voyce
Of any true deciſion. Nature craues
All dues be rendred to their owners. Now
What neerer debt in all humanitie,
Then wife is to the husband? if this lawe
Of nature be corrupted through affection

And

And that great mindes of partiall indulgence,
To their benummed wills reſiſt the ſame,
There is a lawe in each well-orderd nation,
To curbe thoſe raging appetites that are
Moſt diſobedient and refractarie;
If *Helen* then be wife to *Sparta's* King,
As it is knowne ſhe is, theſe morrall lawes
Of nature and of nations, ſpeake alowd
To haue her back returnd: thus to perſiſt
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heauie. *Hectors* opinion
Is this in way of truth: yet nere the leſſe,
My ſprittely brethren, I propend to you
In reſolution to keepe *Helen* ſtill,
For 'tis a cauſe that hath no meane dependance,
Vpon our ioynt and ſeuerall dignities.
Tro. Why there you touch't the life of our deſignes:
Were it not glory that we more affected,
Then the performance of our heauing ſpleenes,
I would not wiſh a drop of Troyan bloud,
Spent more in her defence. But worthy *Hector*,
She is a theame of honour and renowne,
A ſpurre to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whoſe preſent courage may beate downe our foes,
And fame in time to come canonize vs,
For I preſume braue *Hector* would not looſe
So rich aduantage of a promiſd glory,
As ſmiles vpon the fore-head of this action,
For the wide worlds reuenew.
Helt. I am yours,
You valiant offſpring of great *Priamus*,
I haue a roiſting challenge ſent amongſt
The dull and factious nobles of the Greekes,
Will ſtrike amazement to their drowſie ſpirits,
I was aduertizd, their great generall ſlept,
Whilſt emulation in the armie crept:
This I preſume will wake him.

Exeunt.

E